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OR THE

Tie of good Company.

Being a Choice COLLECTION

Of the Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

THOROW BASS to each SONG for the *Harpfichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.*

The Fourth Book

The FIRST BOOK of this CHARACTER.



LONDON,

Printed by *F. Clark, T. Moore, and J. Heptinstall*, for *John Carr*, and *R. C.* and are
to be Sold by *John Carr* at the *Middle Temple-Gate*, and *Sam. Scott* at the
Miter by *Temple-Barr*. Anno Domini, 1687.

TO ALL
TRUE LOVERS
OF
MUSICK.

Gentlemen,

WE well hope, our former diligent endeavors, (according to our capacity) to serve the *Musical Souls* of our Nation, have been so hearty, that no very great aspersion can ly upon us for a total neglect of our duty: We also thankfully acknowledg the kind reception our labours have hitherto found from the Ingenious, and *the good natur'd*; by which we have been so far encouraged, as yet to add One (Ornament at least) to our many former Attempts, and that is, this New *Character* of the *Notes* of the Songs in this Book, less troublesome to the Eye, then those of the Old way, which (if acceptable) will add fresh vigour to our future industry, and add much to the numerous obligations you have already heaped upon,

Gentlemen,

Yours

JOHN CARR.

R. C.

Licensed June the 8th 1687.

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MUSIC Books sold by John Carr at the Middle-Temple Gate.

THE Musical Entertainment performed at a Musical Feast on St. Cecilia's Day. Nov. 22. 1683. The Words made by Mr. Christopher Fishburn, and set to Musick, in two, three, four & six Parts, by Mr. Henry Purcel, Composer in Ordinary to His Sacred Majesty, and one of the Organists of His Majesty's Chappel-Royal.

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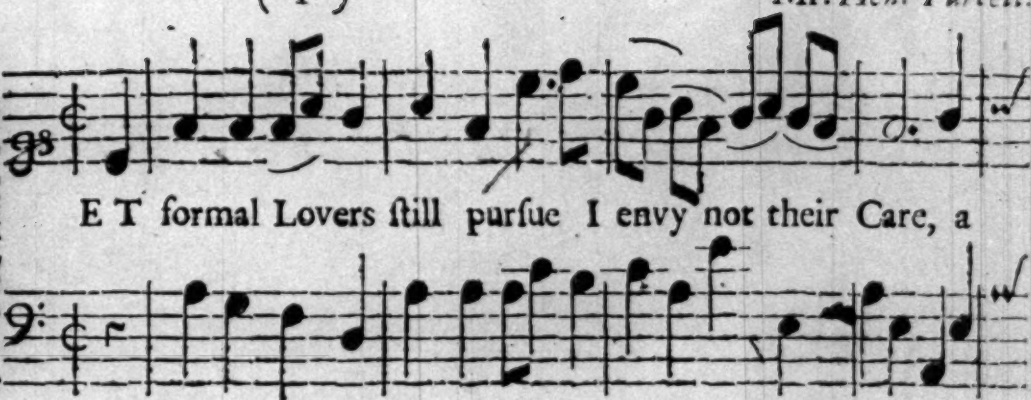
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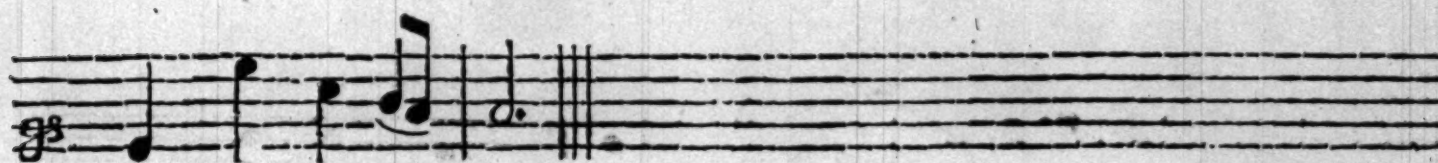
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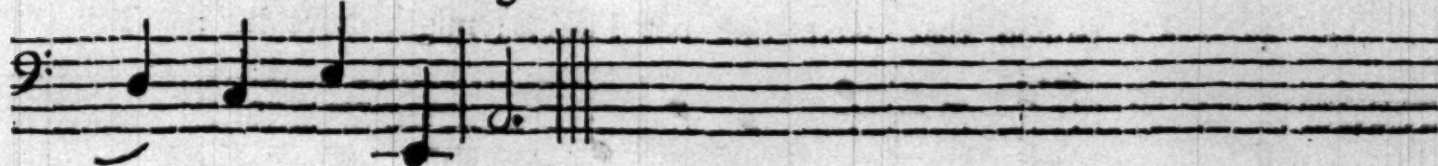
tedious Seige perhaps may do at last to gain the Fair, such whining Methods



I disdain a Mistress to o--blige, where a fair summons will not gain the



Town's not worth a Siege.



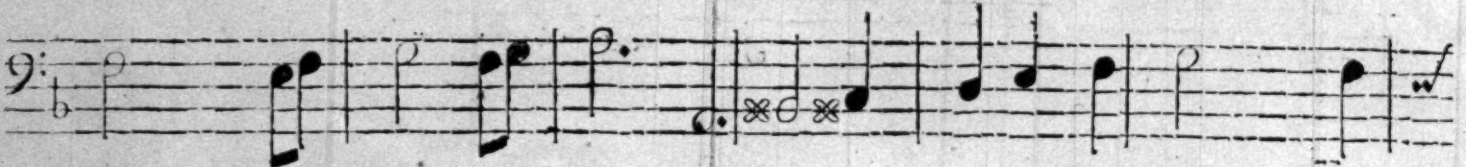
The Eastern Monarchs Victories
 Had not gone on so far
 Had he lagag'd his Enemies
 By formal steps of War,
 To general Beauty I lay claim,
 From each fair Eye tis hurld,
 Where e're I come like him I'll gain
 And love ore all the World.



Hen *Cloris* once thought her Conquest Compleat, and her



Charms had made way for her Pride, and Languishing *Strephon* had thrown at her



Feet a Heart She so often had try'd, and the faithful young Lover did over and



over discover a Passion, that were She not Marble, might move her : The



hard hearted Nymph to requite all his pain, instead of his Love paid him with dis-





dain, She bids him re-tire and not feed his desire with the hopes of her Love which he



never must gain; Whilst Cruel, Cruel *Cloris* *Strephon* cry'd, pity, pity him that



lies to Love and to your Eyes a Loyal and unblemish'd Sacrifice. Oh ye



Shepherds take heed where your Flocks you do feed, lest your Hearts as your



Lambs should stray, for if *Cloris* surprise you once with her Eyes, you're lost and un-



done, your Liberty's gone, and you must be for ever her Prey.





h Charming Nymph were I a Swain too weak I

fear would prove my resolutions a-----gainst Love, tho they were fortifi'd by

your disdain, oft I with discontented Sighs have said, oh, why was I a feeble Woman

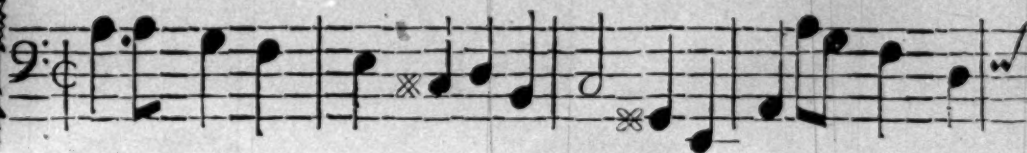
made, but what I thought my Misery is now become my Guard, and from a Fate more hard,

it was ordain'd to rescue me, else to thy Charms *Philoclia* I had bow'd, and dy'd un-

pityed, unpityed, unpityed by the gazing Crowd.



Elia at last thy Pride and Scorn has lost the Man thy Slave was



Born, I've broke my Heart to break my Chain, and now must never Love a--



--gain: Yet much of Torture in the Cure I do confess I do indure.



Thus is the Battle lost and won, but Oh the Victor is undone.



Glory has now my Heart possess,
And love of Arms Enflam'd my Brest;
The puny God in Chains shall wait,
Whilst Pride and Honour sit in state,
But oh my Glories I despise
Since I must shun those Killing Eyes.
Thus is the Battle, &c.

Farewel my Trophies since I find
No Beauty left to tempt my mind,
To make my last of Actions brave,
I'll die her Victor and her Slave:
Weep that the World no more can give,
But scorn this Conquest to outlive.
Thus is the Battle, &c.

C

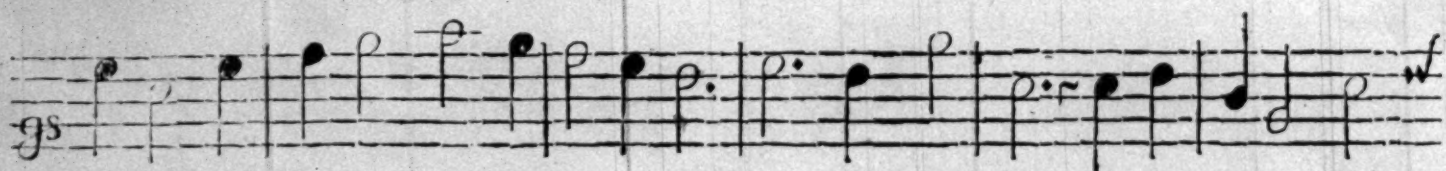
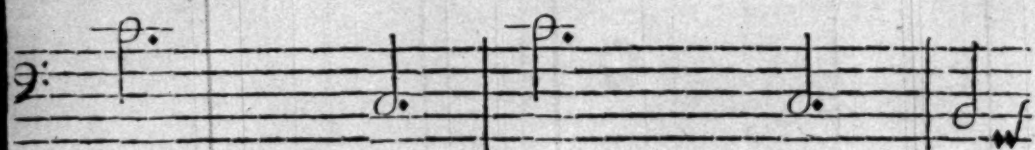
Mr. Sam. Ackroyd.



(6)



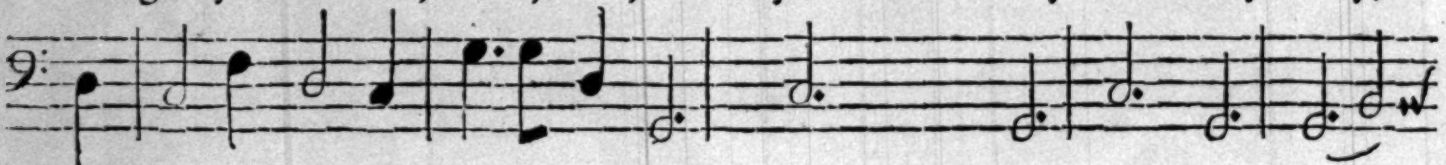
Ring out your Cunny Skins, bring out your Cunny Skins Maids



to me, and hold them fair that I may see, Gray, Black and Blew, for the smaller Skins



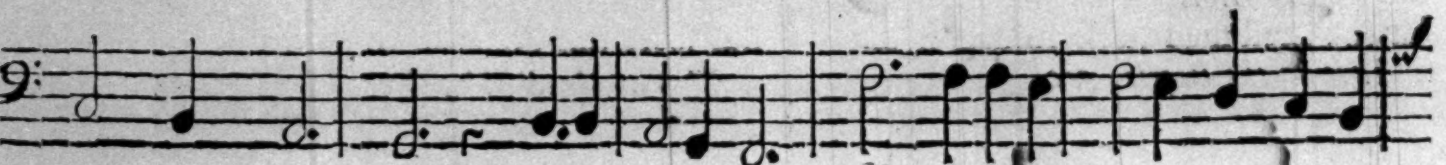
I'll give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins, and for your whole Cunny here's ready Mony,



come gentle *Jone* do thou begin with thy black Cunny thy black Cunny Skin, and



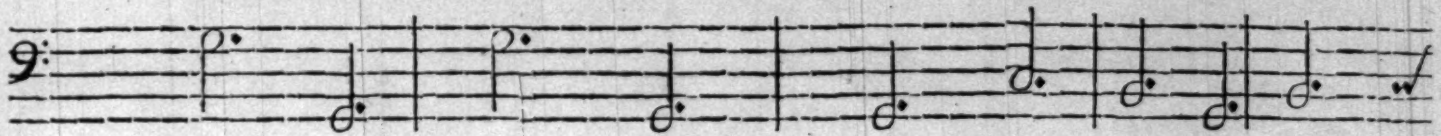
Mary and *Jone* will follow with their Silver Haird Skins and Yallow, the White Cunny



(7)



Skin I will not lay by, for though it be faint it is fair to the Eye, the Gray it is



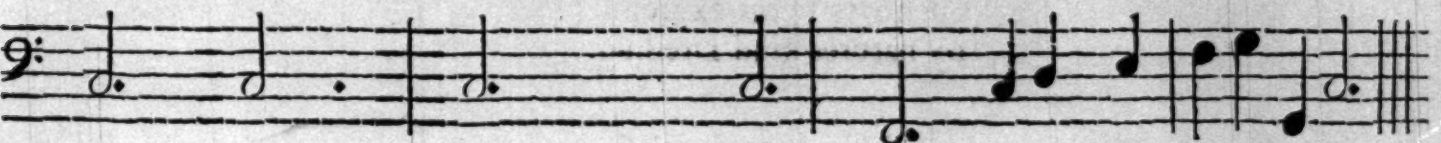
worn, but yet for my Mony, give me the bonny bonny black Cunny, come away fair



Maids your Skins will decay, come and take Mony Maids put your Wares away,



ha'ye any Cunny Skins, ha'ye any Cunny Skins, ha'ye any Cunny Skins here to sell.



Mr. Sam. Ackroyd.



Love without measure, and sure I shall find a
Fountain of Pleasure for my *Celia's* now kind : My Heart so In---spir'd I
kist and ad - mir'd and She ne're re - tir'd but I still de - fir'd.

Mr. Rob. King.

There's no such Deversion
As in her soft Arms,
To tell her my passion,
And to talk of her Charms,
I must be possessing,
I long for the Blessing
Of Loves sweet expressing
By nature's kind Dressing.

With my passion I strove
To wait for the pow'r,
And the pleasure of Love
But for one happy hour,
With eager desire
At last I came nigh,
Her Eyes darted Fire,
My Soul did expire.



Pite of the Godhead powerful Love I will my torments

hide, but what a Vail of life must prove a Sa - cri - fice to Pride, Pride thou art be-

come my Goddes now, to Thee I'll Alters Rear, to Thee each Morning pay my

Vow and offer every Tear, but oh, but oh I fear, should *Phylomon* once

take thy Injur'd part, I soon should cast the Idol down and offer him my heart.



Ease mighty Love to tear a Heart that owns thy



Power Divine, thou needs no Quiver nor no Dart to make the Conquest



rhine ; for who a—lafs thy Deities durst despise, when thou haft weapons suc—



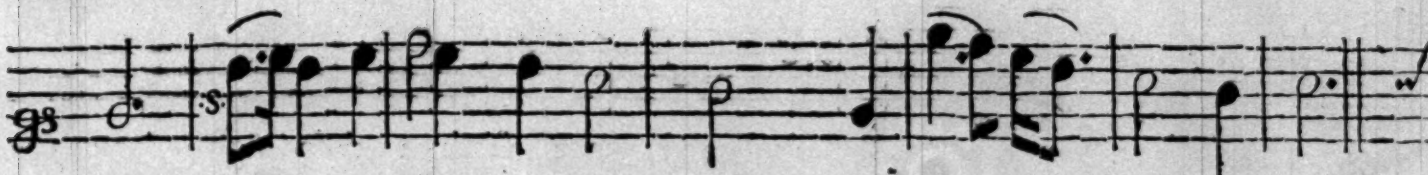
h as Celia's Eyes.



Now Celia you my Heart have won,
 Oh be not too severe,
 Do not your humble Slave disown,
 Nor kill him with Dispair ;
 Be not unjust to scorn my Vestal Fire,
 Which you and none but you cou'd ere Expire.



Y Wan - der -- er at last re -- treats to his forsaken



Breast, having discover'd all the Cheats, that drew him from his rest



thought himself safe in this a - bode, when E - lee prov'd it vain, by ways as



in - nocent as odd, she tempts him out a - gain.



With untaught Eyes, unpractis'd Art,
 She does her Slave subdue:
 Scorns meanly to beguile a Heart,
 But claims it as her due.
 Let Tyrants then her Conquest boast,
 And keep their few in awe:
 She governs all and ever must,
 Who reigns by Natures Law.



Le languish no more at the glance of your
 Eye ; can view you all o're and ne're fetch a deep sigh : No
 more shall your voice Siren-like charm my Heart ; in vain you may
 sigh, use in vain all your Art : No Madam I'm free, when I'm
 Captive a-gain, let me unpity'd feel a-----gen my old pain.

I'll Libertine turn, use all things in Common,
 No more than one Dish be bound to one Woman,
 Yet I still love the Sex but my Bottle before 'em,
 I'll use 'em sometimes but I'll never Adore 'em,
 Go Madam be wise when a Woodcock's in noose,
 Be sure hold him fast lest like me he get loose.



Arewel all the Arts of Love Fancy to Witch



first did move, and at the last did empty prove, the Goddes which you did a—



dore enjoy'd con--ti--nues to be so no more, but turns to a Woman as before, the



Goddes which you did adore enjoy'd con--ti--nues to be so no more, but turns to



Wo—man as be—fore.



Why then all this thought of care,
Hopes and fears and oft despair,
All to possess your self that's fair,
An easy Beauty's ever best,
Tho she lodg not in your Brest,
You soon shall find a place of rest,
An easie Beauty's, &c.



Hen the Gods at a Banquet did Revel above, did



When the Gods at a Banquet did Revel, did



Revel above and Gannimed fill'd out a Bumper to Jove, A - pollo and Bacchus their



Revel above and Gannimed fill'd out a Bumper to Jove, A - pollo and Bacchus their



Joy to Inspire, the Muses and Graces call'd in to the Quire: Divine was the



Joy to Inspire, the Muses and Graces call'd in to the Quire: Divine was the



Musick, their Pleasure extream, and Beauty and Loyalty still was the Theam, to



Musick, their Pleasure extream, and Beauty and Loyalty still was the Theam, to



Jove and Juno's Health full Bowls were Crown'd, and to th'Immortal, and to th'im-



Jove and Juno's Health full Bowls were Crown'd,

and to th'immortall



mortal Powers went round who from their Thrones did their bright Goblets throw in Frolick



Pow'rs, Pow'rs went round from their Thrones, from their Thrones did their bright Goblets throw in Frolick



down upon the world, upon the world below : then to express how Loyal



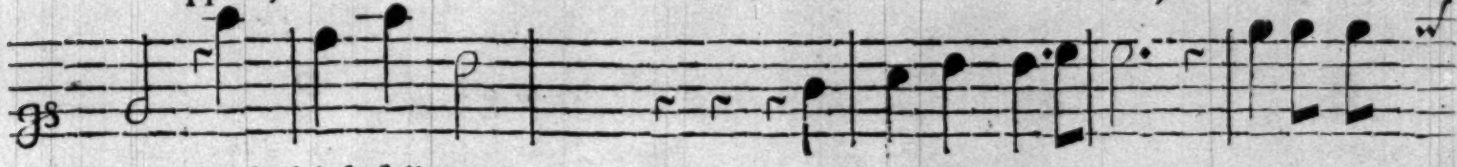
down upon the world, upon the world, the world below : then to express how Loyal



we'll appear, tho' we're no Gods we'll i-mi-tate 'em near, and drink full



we'll appear, tho' we're no Gods we'll i-mi-tate 'em near, and



Bowls, and drink full Bowls to Jove and Juno here. Cæsar and



drink full Bowls, and drink full Bowls to Jove and Juno here. Cæsar and



Gloria - na let it be the brightest Queen on Earth, the greatest Monarch he



Gloria - na let it be the brightest Queen on Earth, the greatest Monarch he



and if the Gods deny to pledge the fame, we'll throw our empty Glasses up to them. Mighty



and if the Gods deny to pledge the fame, we'll throw our empty Glasses up to them.



James and Apollo upon us does smile, upon us does smile, the God of this Year and the



Mighty *James & Apollo* upon us, upon us does smile, the God of this Year and the



King of this Isle, all feuds we will shun that e - nervate his sway, since all are his



King of this Isle, all feuds we will shun that e - nervate his sway, since all are his



Subjects we'll joyntly o - bey : both *English* and *Irish* in this shall a - gree, who



Subjects we'll joyntly o - bey : both *English* and *Irish* in this shall a - gree, who



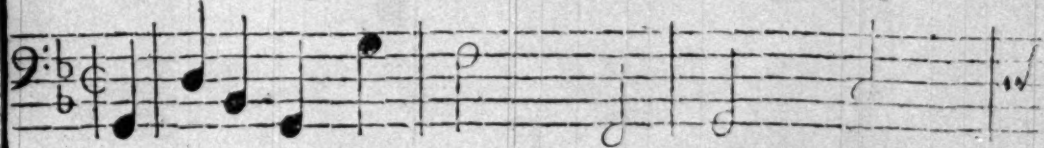
serve the King best the best Nation shall be.



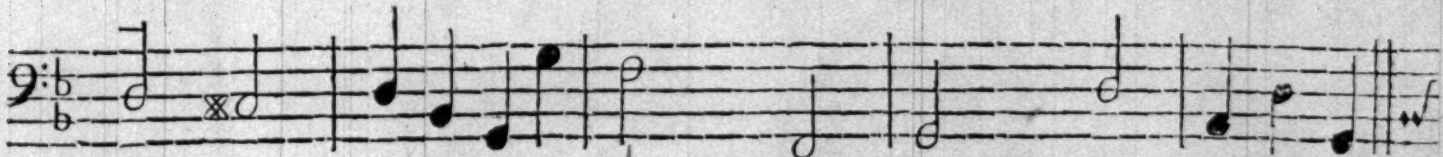
serve the King best the best Nation shall be.



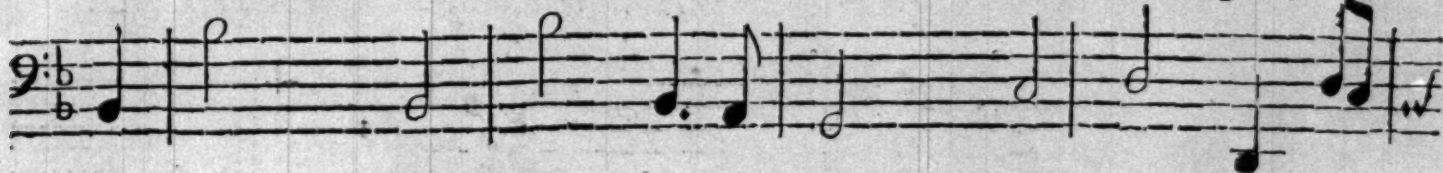
Hen first I fought my Jenni's Love she dash'd my hopes with



cold disdain, no Tears the Cruel Lads could move to hear my Vows or ease my pain,



She'd chide and frown and call me Loon and bid me from her sight be gone, with



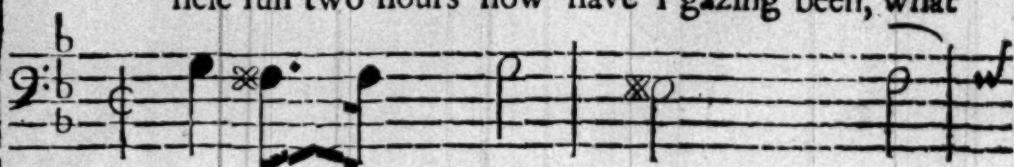
scorn my Presents She'd return, and all my Amorous Letters burn.



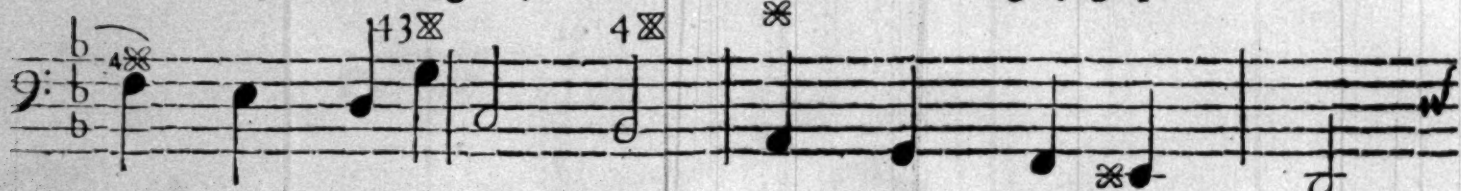
But now my Constancy She's found,
The lovely fair relenting Maid
With kind consent my hopes has Crown'd,
And all my sufferings over paid;
She'll kiss and toy
And call me Joy,
In Love the livelong day imploy,
She'll look and smile on me alone,
And only grieve she e're did frown.



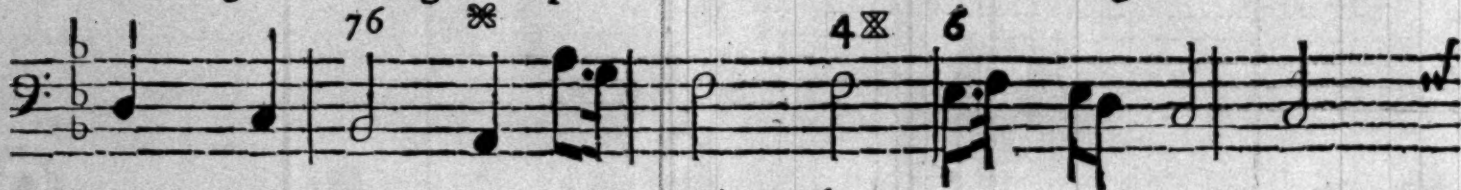
hefe full two hours now have I gazing been, what



Comfort by it can I gain, to look on Heav'n with mighty gulph be — tween



was the great Miser's greatest pain : fo near was he to Heav'ns delight as with the blest



converse he might, yet could not get one drop of Water by't. Ah wretch I



seem to touch her now : but oh, but oh, what boundless spaces does us part ! fortune and





Friends & all Earths empty show my lowness and her high desert, but those might Conquerable prove



nothing does me so far remove as the hard Souls Aversion of my Love; so Travellers that



lose their way by night when from afar they came to espy th'uncertain glimmerings of a tapers light,

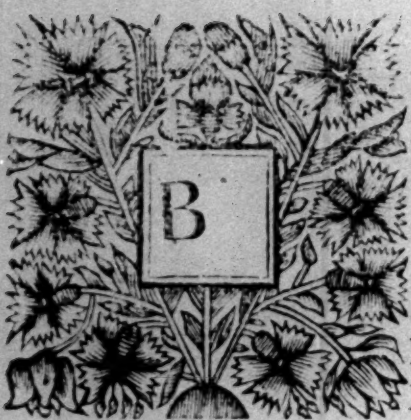


like flatt'ring hopes and think it night, till wearied with the fruitless pain they sit them



down and weep in vain, and there in darkness and despair re—main.





Ring back my Comforts and re—turn for well you

know that I, in such a vig'rous passion burn, that missing you I die.

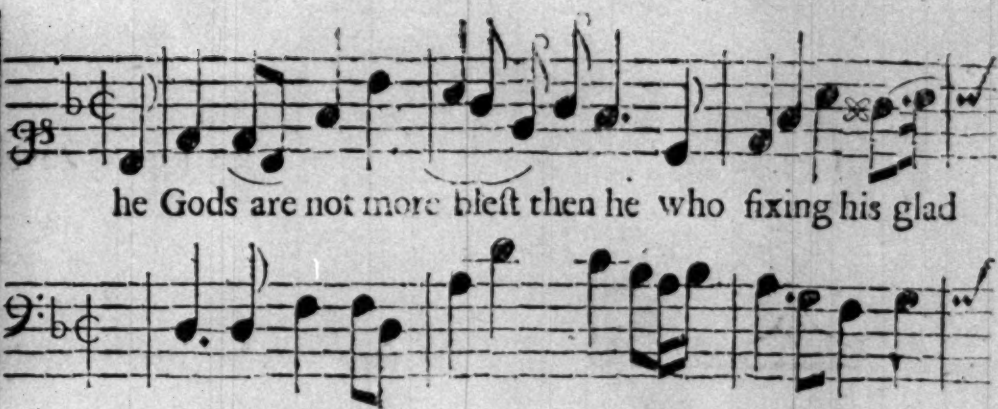
flow

Re—turn return in-sult no more, re—turn return and me re—store to

flow

those sequester'd Joys, to those sequester'd Joys I had be—fore.

Absence in most, that quenches Love,
 And cool their warm desire,
 The Ardour of my Heart improve,
 And makes the flame aspire.
 The Maxim therefore I deny,
 And term it, tho a Tyranny,
 A Nurse to purest Faith and Constancy.



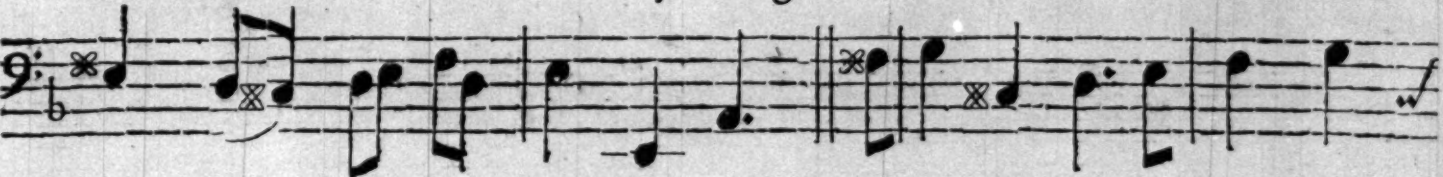
he Gods are not more blest then he who fixing his glad



Eyes on thee does ever hear and ev'—ry long Charm'd with the Mu—sick,



Charm'd with the Mu—sick of thy Tongue that sees with more then hu—mane



Grace sweet smiles A—dorn A—mint's Face.



But when to pity you incline,
And so become much more Devine,
What mortal can support the Joy
The mighty blessing does destroy,
Ah! would you have your *Damon* live,
Your Favours less profusely give.



EE, see, see the lovely Maid and Paradise and

See, see, see, see, see the lovely Maid and Para-

Pa---ra---dise in Bed display'd, like blushing Morn, like blushing Morn she

dise in Bed in Bed display'd, like blushing Morn, like blushing Morn she lyes, and

lyes and sings the triumphs, sings the try-umph of her Eyes. The wanton Cupids

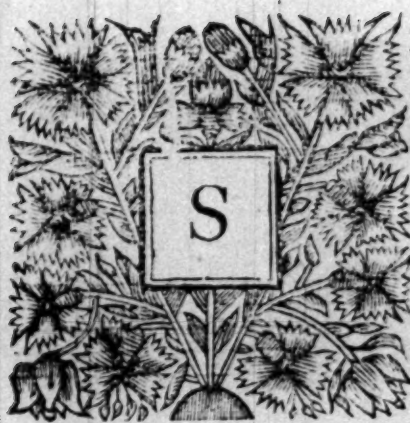
sings the triumphs of her Eyes, and sings the triumph of her Eyes. The wanton Cupids

play and sport their lit---tle Hearts away, whilst all a round them throng. To

play and sport their little Hearts away whilst all a round them throng, to hear the Musick

hear the Musick of her Tongue, to hear the Musick, hear the Musick of her Tongue.

of her Tongue, to hear the Musick of her Tongue, to hear the Musick of her Tongue.



(23)

Mr. Tho. Tedway.



Shall be no lon—ger kind, the kind be—tray their pow'r



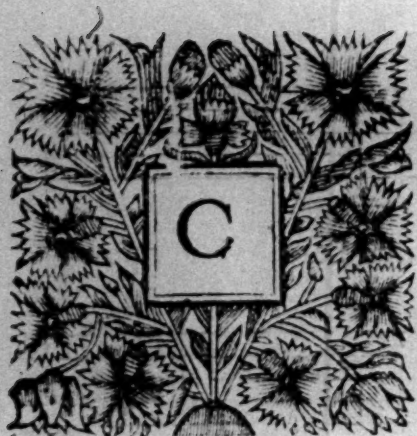
still to the proud and false inclin'd our Ty—rants we A--dore, fru--ition which shou'd



make our blifs di—stroys, and kindness which shou'd most in--gage us cloy.



Be cruel and secure your Reign,
Myrtilla's Pride and Scorn,
Her haughty looks and fierce disdain,
Show her for Empire born ;
Oh curst disease of our fantastick mind,
The Cruel we pursue and fly the Kind.



Inthia 'tis own'd that I too long on Woman-kind did



rail, to think that a re-can-ting Song shou'd after all prevail, but had you then but

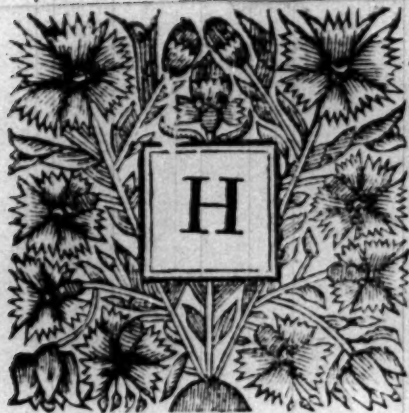


markt my Eyes, or cou'd have vew'd my heart you'd seen thro' all that thin dif-



guise they all—ways took your part, they all—ways took your part.





O W long devine Ce—tin—da shall I mourn how



long disclose my sorrow all in vain yet find not one soft look or kind return no



sign of ease to sooth my growing pain. Ah Cruel, ah Cru-el, Cru-el Charming



fair, or cure my love or my dis—pair, or cure my love or my dis—pair.

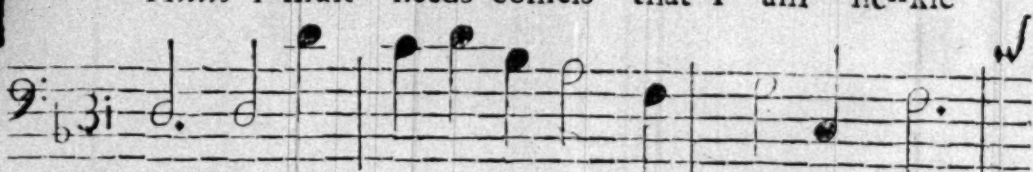


All night the thoughts of you forbids my rest,
Nor can the noisie business of the day
Divert the constant trouble of my brest,
Or the tormenting Passions there allay ;
Ah cruel charming Maid,
When shall this mighty debt of Love be paid.

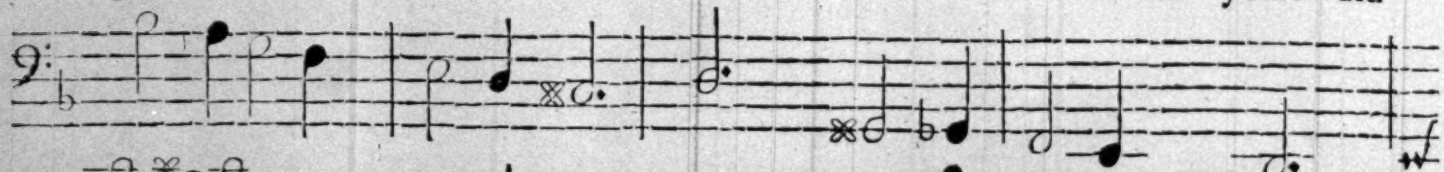
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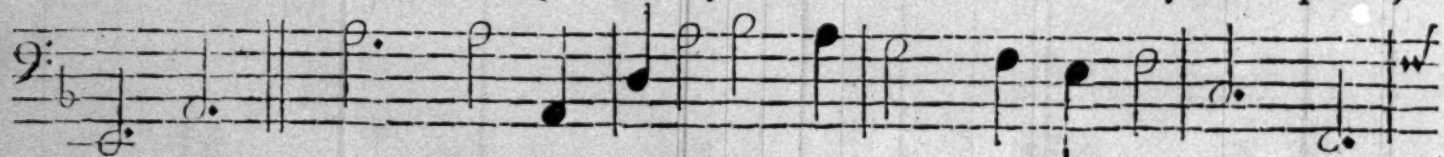
Hillis I must needs confess that I am fic-kle



grown of late, and now to *Celia's* Charms Ad-dress that love which yours did



first create. Not that I think your Beauty less then hers who does my Heart possess,



but tis the will of fate, tis the will of fate, but tis the will of fate, tho you may





think the practice strange I'll Ju—sti—fy the roring flame, nor fear the Am'rous



Gods revenge, since I still love tho not the same, for tho my heart does hourly



range he looses nothing by the change, since I still play his game, I still play his



game, since I still play his game.

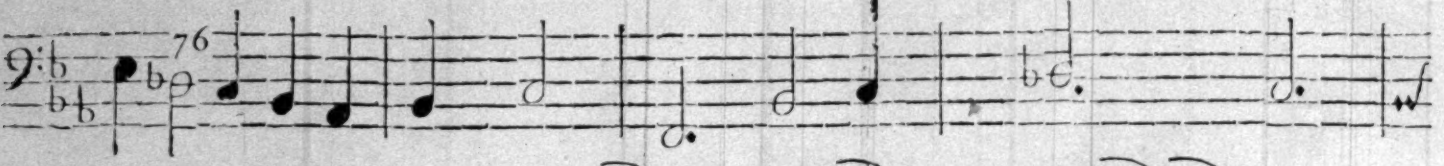




HE, She, alafs, She, a-lafs, whom all admir'd is dead,



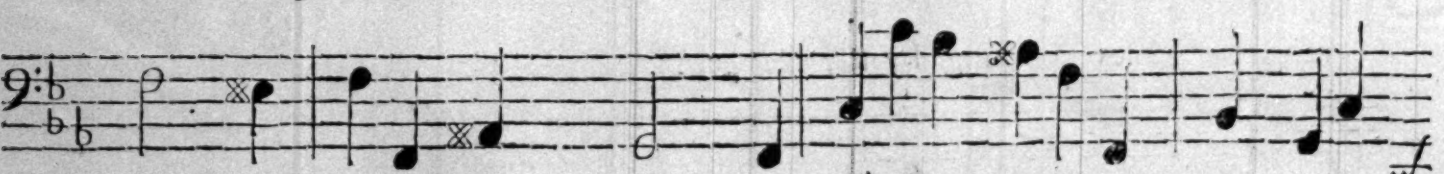
She a-lafs whom all admir'd is dead, a-lafs She's dead, and with her all that's



brisk or gay is fled, She a-lafs, She a-lafs, whom all admir'd is dead, no



Rat---ling Coaches now run up and down, nor Am'rous Sparks amuse



the wondring Town all pen - five in their Chambers sit and mourn and mourn the fair the sweet



Cor-rin-na's dead & gone, She a-lafs, She a-lafs whom all admir'd is dead.

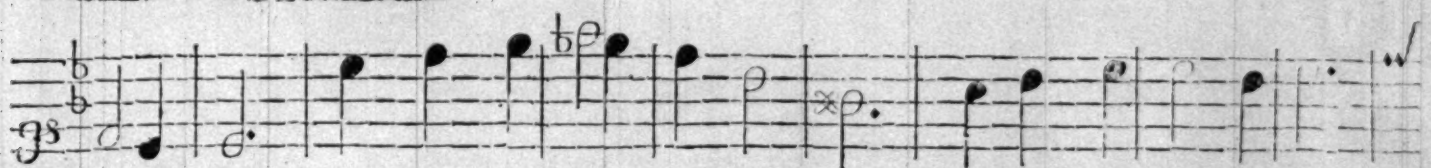
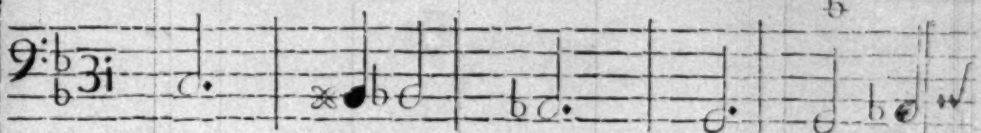


A Song in *Belshams*, or, the Mistress. ⁽²⁹⁾

Set by Mr. Tho. Skendwell.



Thy *self* un—just—ly *you* com—plain, and tax my



tender heart, with want of pity for your pain, or fence of your desert.



By secret and misterious Springs alafs our passions move, we Women are fan-tastick



things that like be—fore we love.



You may be handsome and have Wit,
Be secret and well bred,
The Parson Love must to us fit,
He onely can succeed.
Some die and yet are ne're believ'd,
Others we trust too soon,
Helping our selves to be deceiv'd,
And proud to be undone.



(30)



Philis what ever love or you for my dis—pairing



shall or—dain, my suffering Heart shall still be true, and with the Tor—ments



and with the Tor—ments that en—sue may break but ne're com—plain.



My grief when Phil—lis Is un—kind no rude re—sent—ments shall be—tray tis



calm as Vows for Hea—ven de—sign'd, and gentle as the Southern Winds that

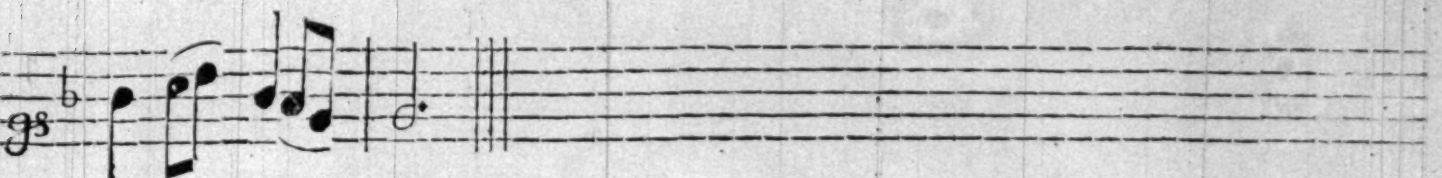
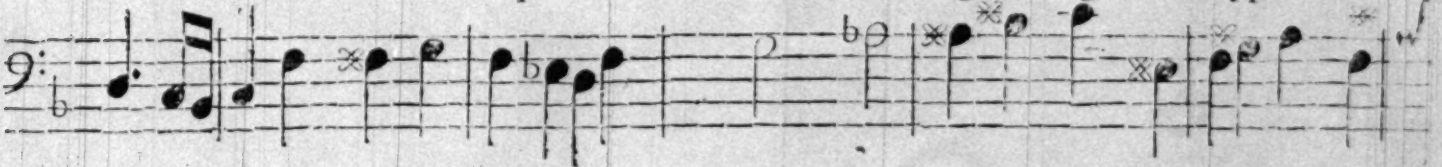




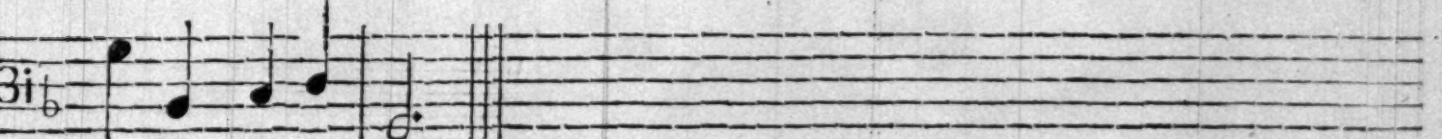
fans the blooming May. No flights shall make my pas--sion less, my Love shall



me--rit tho it starve for as possession we confes the highest degree of happiness the



next is to de---serve.

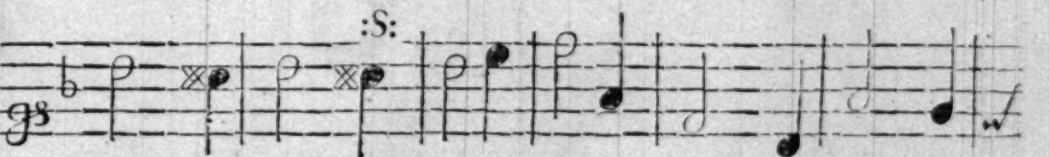


A Catch for 3 Voc.

Mr- Henry Purcel.



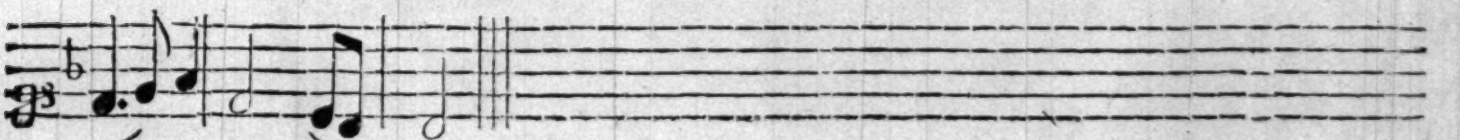
Hen **u** and I to--gether meet, we make up 6 in



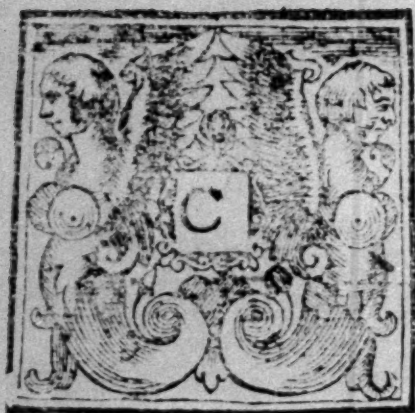
House or Street, yet I and **V** may meet once more, and



then we **2** can make but 4, but when that **V** from I am gone, alas poor



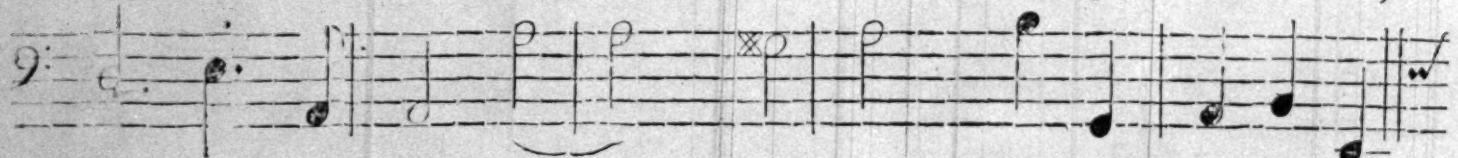
I can make but one.



Ould softning melting looks pre - vail, Phillis might ever



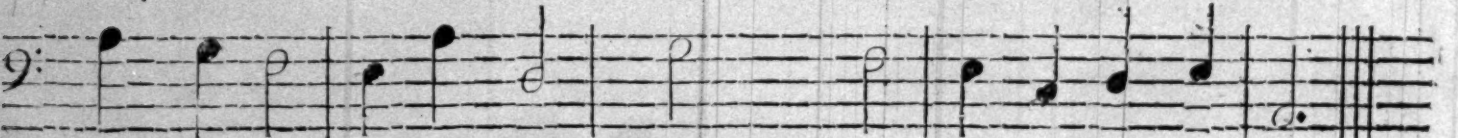
hope success, her beauties pow'r would not fail, did not her cheapness make it less,



but such advances, but such advances she does make, who lov'd her once must her for-



fake, but such advances she does make, who lov'd her once must her for—fake.



She who's too eagerly enclin'd
To catch at Love lets go her fame,
And 'tis beneath a generous mind
To catch ignoble yeilding game.
But in resistance, but in resistance such force lies,
It Charms beyond the brightest Eyes.

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